

That were his Lackies : I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word ; O, hee is as tedious
As a tyred Horle, a rayling Wife,
Worse then a smokie Houle. I had rather liue
With Cheefe and Garlike in a Windmill farre,
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to mee,
In any Summer-house in Christendome.

Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In strange concealements, valiant as a Lyon,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *Indes* : shall I tell you, Cousin,
Hee holds your temper in a high respect,
And cubs himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,
When you come crosse his humor, faith hee does
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taste of danger and reproofe :
But doe not vse it oft, let mee intreat you.

Mor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And since your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, blood,
And thats the dearest grace it renders you :
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of Gouvernment,
Pride, hautesse, opinion, and disdain ;
The least of which haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behind a staine
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am schoold, Good-manners by your speed.
Heere come our wines, and let vs take our leaues.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My Wife can speake no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

Glen. My Daughter weepes, sheele not part with you,
Sheele

sheele be a souldier too, sheele to the warres.

Mor. Good father, tell her, that shee, and my Aunt *Percy*,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and shee answers
him in the same.*

Glen. She is desperate heere.

A peeuish selfe-will'd harlotry, one that no perswasion can doe
good vpon.

The Lady speaks in Welsh.

Mor. I vnderstand thy lookes, that prety *Welsh*,
Which thou powrest downe from these swelling Heauens,
I am too perfect in, and but for shame,
In such a parley I answer thee.

The Lady againe in Welsh.

Mor. I vnderstand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And thats a feeling disputation:
But I will neuer bee a truant, loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes *Welsh* as sweete as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers bower,
With rauishing diuision to her lute.

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will shee runne mad.

The Lady speaks againe in Welsh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it selfe in this.

Glen. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you downe,
And rest your gentle head vpon her lap,
And shee will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the god of sleepe,
Charming your bloud with pleasing heauinesse,
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heauenly harvest reeme
Begins his golden progresse in the East.

Mor. With all my heart ile sit and heare her sing,
By that time will our Booke I thinke bee drawne.

Glen. Do so: and those Musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the ayre a thousand Leagues from thence,
And straight they shal bee here, sit and attend.